He doing ſo, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's ſeldome eaſe,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder above, and deepes below,
Makes ſuch unquiet, that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wrackt and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) having all loſt,
By waves from coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelfe;
Till fortune tired with doing bad,
Threw him a ſhore to give him glad:
And here he comes; what ſhall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet ceaſe your ire, you angry Stars of heaven,
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) doe obey you.
Alas the Seas hath caſt me on the Rockes,
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſſe of your powers,
To have bereft a Prince of all his fortunes,
And having throwne you from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all hee'l crave.

Enter three Fiſhermen.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I ſay.
3. What ſay you, Maſter?
1. Looke how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away, or ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Maſter, I am thinking of the poore men
That were caſt away before us, even now.

1. Alas

1. Alas poore ſoules, it grieved my heart to heare
What pittifull cryes they made to us, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could ſcarcely helpe our ſelves.
3. Nay Maſter, ſaid not I as much,
When I ſaw the Porpas, how he bounſt and tumbled?
They ſay, they are halfe fiſh, halfe fleſh:
A plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be waſht.
Maſter, I marvell how the fiſhes live in the Sea?
1. Why as men doe a Land,
The great ones eate up the little ones:
I can compare our rich Miſers, to nothing ſo fitly
As to a Whale; plaies and tumbles,
Driving the poore Fry before him,
And at laſt devoure them all at a mouthfull.
Such Whales have I heard on a'th land,
Who never leave gaping, till they ſwallowed
The whole Pariſh, Church, Steeple, Bells and all.
Per. A pretty Morall.
3. But Maſter, if I had beene the Sexton,
I would have beene that day in the Belfrey.
2. Why man?
3. Becauſe he ſhould have ſwallowed me too.
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would have kept ſuch a jangling of the bels,
That he ſhould never have left,
Till he caſt Bels, Steeple, Church and Pariſh up again:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde,
Per. Simonides?
3. We would purge the Land of theſe Drones,
That rob the Bee of her honey.
Per. How from the fenny ſubject of the ſea,
Theſe fiſhers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watery Empire recollect,
All that may men approve, or men detect,
Peace be at your labour, honeſt fiſhermen.
2. Honeſt, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body look after it?